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# "HOW NOT TO DO IT."

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A SHORT SERMON

ON THE

CANADIAN MILITIA,

BY A "BLUENOSE."

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QUEBEC:

PRINTED AT THE "MORNING CHRONICLE" OFFICE.

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## PREFACE.

"I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
"Nor action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech  
"To stir men's blood. I only speak right on."

SHAKESPEARE.

## TEXT.

"Thou my country, hast thy foolish way,  
"Too apt to purr at any stranger's praise."

O. W. HOLMES.

These lines were, I think, written for the benefit of our friends over the border, and while we laugh at the proverbial Yankee blowing, or, as it appears in these lines, purring, we fail to see our own faults in this respect, and like many a rising young cat, relish with the greatest glee, the pleasant stroking of every stranger that comes along, and as strongly detest the impertinent hand that rubs the wrong way.

The militia, of course, is one of our great purring points, for, when it is mentioned, we say, as plainly as possibly can be said, in that expressive feline manner, "There is where you get it." But now, after thinking it well over, "do we really get it?" Seriously and impartially ruminating on that subject, "do we really get it?" At this point some enthusiastic Colonel will bluster out, "of course we do; why we drill yearly so many thousand men, and we could drill so many thousand more men, and we have so many more hundreds of thousands behind these again, and we have a 7" gun at Quebec, and a 64 Pr. converted at St John, N. B., and we have another one at Kingston we are going to convert, and we—we—we—and Britannia rules the waves, and what more do we want." Well, now, I am not a Colonel (and that is something), but I don't think that





we do get it. We get a General, and we get him to write a lot of recommendations, and get them printed, and we get some people to read them, and then we get rid of him, and that's where "he gets it."

If we do adopt any of the suggestions of our Generals, I hope most sincerely we will give the right man credit for it, and, for this reason, let us hope that all the advice is preserved, that no mistake may occur in this respect. Our General will never sing as it is written in the *Pirates of Penzance*, "It is, it is a glorious thing to be a Major-General." Our last Major-General wrote a great deal, shewing our faults and suggesting things, &c., &c., &c., but finding it no go, he set to work stroking us, and the playful young Canadian wild cat began to purr, and we worked ourselves into a fearful pitch of sanguinary enthusiasm, and the consequence was that, after every march past, great batches of our able-bodied officers were rushing to Head-Quarters and offering themselves right and left to serve against Russia, Afganistan, Ceteweyo, or "any other man." In fact we wanted blood. However we got over all this, and now our new Commander-in-Chief has mistaken our tail for our head, and the consequence is he has been ruffling our hair, and we don't like it. Our coat has been made soft and slick for the winter—and so, when we feel somebody inquiringly feeling to see how the undergrowth is and discover some mangy spots, why it is not nice. But 'tis sadly required, and some nice ointment rubbed in will be of great service; though it smarts at first, it will make our *protection* much better for the future. When I use the word "*protection*," I do not refer to the N. P., which would, however, be a good thing, for a *hum* in guns would greatly improve their present *reports*.

Of course, this want of hum in Ordnance, applies to the Artillery, of which I shall principally speak; for though not a *great gun*, I hope some day to be a *great gunner*, and



I dare say if anybody ever reads these lines, I will be voted a smooth bore, and consequently condemned, but "by George," I will be the first one of those useless articles ever treated so, unfortunately for this Canada of ours, as any one can testify who has ever inspected the ruined battlements throughout the land.

Well, now, let us go into some of the defects, not all of them, for that would be a fearful undertaking. So take for instance a Field Battery of Artillery; they are certainly well armed, nearly all the batteries having the new 9 pr., but, there it ends, everything else is cut down to the lowest ebb, an order comes that only so many men are to turn out, only so many officers, and only so many horses; so the consequence is that the corps goes through its drills as unlike what it really should be in time of war, as anything possibly can.

And what is the consequence of this paring down to the *very core* mean? Why it simply makes the drill a mere farce compared to what it ought to be, and gives officers and men a very poor idea of what should be, and thus does away with the use of instruction. For the last few years, batteries have been drilling with the maximum of horses allowed. I had the extreme happiness of seeing one at work, and I firmly believe if it had ever gone before an enemy, it would never have come back again. The movements were performed in a soft field, and so the horses could just manage to pull the guns along at a slow walk, and, owing to this fortunate circumstance, the Staff-Sergeants had no trouble in keeping up *on foot*, and one Officer, rather than be without a mount, threw his coat gaily over a rail fence, mounted it and successfully performed his numerous duties from this elevated position. No doubt this was most effective, and reflected great credit on the young man for his presence of mind when in a trying position, but as a



gentleman near remarked, it took a great deal away from the dash and display of the manœuvres.

The Inspectors of Artillery, like our Major-General, also write reports, and have the pleasure of seeing them printed too, stating that four horses are not sufficient for a gun, but of course that is of no consequence, for when they don't listen to the General, it would never do to give ear to a junior.

With men who turn out so seldom, and only see their work once a year for a few days, they should then see everything. Former instruction is of little use to a man, if on the eve of a fight, he is shewn something to work that he never saw before in his life.

It is not only in horses that they are thus half equipped, but in many other things, which, added together, make a nice array of knowledge to be picked up at the last moment, while the enemy would be picking away at them, to say the least distracting, and also forming a new, subject to be studied, but requiring less instruction, as it is so easily got into *the head*.

With a regular soldier you may, on some occasions, "make shift, or make the motion," as we say at drill, for he has seen what is right, and can readily take to it again when required; but with a "green horn" it is different; you must teach him all he is to learn, for if he has never seen a fully equipped battery at his annual drills, I am very sure he will not manage it for the first time, with any great success, in the battle field, but, like the Mule Artillery, would be quite as dangerous to his friends as to his foes. The next thing we may look for is an order, stating that no more ammunition will be issued, as the useless waste of shot and shell is found to be expensive, but Commanding Officers will see that their men are made acquainted with



the action of said projectiles and fuses, by aid of black boards ; one bundle of fire crackers will be issued, in future, to each battery, to assist in experiments.

This may be a little exaggerated but not very far out. If we want anything like perfection, our Gunners must be trained to *play* with what they will be required to use in *earnest*.

If not, what will be the result of adding the necessities at the last moment. More men and horses, &c., &c., &c. ; why we would have an addition of perfectly raw recruits added to our already half drilled batteries, who had never seen a gun before.

The officers in the same position as the men, being novices at their work, would have quite enough to do with what they were used to, and to attend to all the additional exertions inseparable from their duties in time of war.

For what folly it would indeed be to expect them to learn all the new detail necessary to an increase, at the last moment, when their heads would be quite full enough with remembering what they had already only half learned, and for want of practice had perhaps forgotten.

But now, to one of the greatest of our troubles, and one which every stranger who sets foot in the country must see at a glance, and cause Military Men to weep if they are our friends, or jump for joy if the other thing. I refer, of course, to the armament of our fortresses ; nothing can be said of the Field branch, when compared to this disgraceful exhibition, and nothing shews our miserable neglect of self-defence so plainly. Other defects may be hidden, and people humbugged by long service rolls, bright uniforms, big drums, and bluster, into believing that all is prepared ;





but here under our noses, the evidence of utter ruin and indifference cannot be disguised.

Just glance at any of our works, see the gaping embrasures everywhere, and note the old smooth bore on his rickety carriage, with unkept and unpainted look, drooping despondently over some historic cliff, saying plainly as possible "everything has been *rifled* but me."

What a fatal mistake to leave a valuable fort without its embrasures manned with guns of a modern stamp, how truly useless it is, for no other expedient can be used in this case. No other arm makes amends for our want of guns, as in the open field, what good can all the "King's horses and all the King's men" do, if our works are not manned with a weapon, superior, or at all events, as good as the enemy around us.

A fort without its proper number of guns is useless, an immense giant without hands or arms, and unlike other artillery in the field unable to take to his legs.

Better reduce our Field Batteries, than leave our works in the state they are, for the former can be substituted by other arms, but the foe in the latter case sits quietly down out of reach, and pounds us to pieces.

The state of the equipment of our Garrison Artillery at present is useless; not only are nearly all the guns smooth bores, but a great number are unserviceable, all being of antiquated pattern, both guns and carriages belonging to a by-gone day.

At Kingston, Ontario, we have fine works, lately repaired at a heavy cost, but no guns to speak of, two 7" B. L. all the rest S. B., many of them unserviceable. Defending its sea front with several 32 prs., is a 56, a gun that is considered unsafe to fire, all of its kind having been obsolete



for many years for that reason. But the country will be charmed to hear that it can be safely used with a *friction tube*, and therefore useful for drill purposes, and its size has a great moral effect upon foreign visitors.

The 32 prs. though old and time-worn, are still known to possess energy and go enough to recoil, in fits of enthusiasm, over the rear of their traversing platforms; so this is another way they will *go back* on the country some day or other.

In this true Canadian and patriotic way we also defend St. John, N. B., at a cost next to nothing, while the Imperial Government has spent millions on Halifax.

An American visitor, when once being shewn around Fort Henry, Kingston, was asked what he thought of it. "Well," he said, "it's a mighty fine place, but I guess if one of our ironclads anchored out in front of it, I calculate you'd have to fix things up a little or else move it back into the country a bit." Now this piece of brag on the part of an American citizen happens to be too near the truth for us to look upon it as a joke.

If we wish to defend our country, we must try and keep up with the age and not expect the old guns of nearly a century ago, to protect us against the modern arms and heavy ordnance of the time.

Alas! Some day we will pay the penalty for this Rip Van Winkle style of thing.

We may talk proudly of our strong-holds and the attacks they repulsed in olden times, and point with pride to the history of old Quebec, but then, in the matter of armament, we were not behind the age as we are at present.



We might just as well place in the hands of our infantry the old Queen Anne musket and expect them to fight against a modern Montgomery, with the success that they did against the old.

The ancient American General came, and found Quebec armed up to the time; then these now despised guardians were the best, and supposed to be wonders; but the new one comes along with all his improvements, and finds the old place as his predecessors left it, and then, perhaps, the inscription hanging on the cliff over Champlain Street will be pulled down, and a word nearer and dearer to every Canadian, substituted for that of the doughty old Yankee, who once found us so tough a morsel.

Quebec is proudly called the Gibraltar of America, but arm the godfather in the same way as the namesake, and it would soon lose the terror of its name.

The day that sees an enemy's ironclad steam scornfully past Quebec, in spite of its smooth-bore remonstrance, and plant a few shells in the heart of the wealthy city of Montreal, may be hailed by all the lovers of their country, as the first step towards a proper defence, for a few hot shell distributed among some of our Merchant Princes instead of *hot coppers*, will have a great effect in causing some, at least, to take out an insurance policy against this kind of *fire*, of which they have had no experience as yet.

In summing up our troubles, therefore, we find ourselves in the position of the celebrated coon, and must whimper out with the best grace possible: "don't fire, Uncle Sam, we'll come down."

There is no country in this wide world that requires her strongholds kept in such perfect readiness, and her sentries vigilant as Canada. For not only must she be prepared for the bold and open hostilities of her foes, but must be



ever ready to resist to the last, the slow, sure and overwhelming attacks of local Corporations, and we may safely say that the foot and horse of a foreign invader is nothing to the *Mayor* of a Corporation.

'Tis useless here to point out how the grasping municipal powers are, piece by piece, lot by lot, securing everything. No weight of metal or depth of ditch can stop a foe like this, for, as the plague itself, they are everywhere.

It is heartrending to see the use made of some of the old time-honored buildings; nothing is too low or degrading for them, and who can deny that the only time these hoary walls ever see cement and plaster, is when some political party requires employment for so many votes. And, what is worse, this political pointing is never worth a d—, for I have seen it drop off three months after it was put on. It has not yet been decided which political party possesses the best and most lasting cement, but it is certain that the recent work of the kind will not, like the former, fall off, for the reason of too much *grit* in the composition.

Well may we say that everything smacks of politics in this much-governed country, and we can imagine some game old block of granite in the fortifications splutter out to his neighbour, through the fresh mortar thrown unceremoniously in his face: "Brace up, limestone, here's another election."

Let us now talk about the bone and muscle, and leave the walls and ordnance a little while to themselves, which they no doubt are pretty well used to by this time.

It must be noticed that the Canadian Militia never wants for officers, no matter how scarce the men, everywhere are to be found officers. The reason, of course, is that it is so easy "to get there." Almost any young or old man can obtain a uniform, put it on, and he thinks he is





"all there." Well, like the Yankee's horse at the foot of the hill, he is "all there," and, in many cases, after a time, retires retaining his rank, which generally comes in handy afterwards, when his business may require a handle to his name. But, seriously, this subject of officers is a most important one, for on them, and on them only, depends the efficiency of a Militia force.

Officers in the Regular Army have their Non-Commissioned Officers under them thoroughly trained, who know all the little details to perfection, and in all minor points it is simply "go on Sergeant-Major," and all goes well.

But with untrained men an officer turns out with his battery for drill and is supposed to take all the parts from Commanding Officer to trumpeter, his Non-Commissioned Officers all look to him, for where is that old veteran with everything at his finger ends, the Sergeant-Major of the regular service.

Therefore, our officers must be of the best material in the land, of higher social position, and superior intellect from the rank and file, and they must command respect and confidence; for if a militia officer has so much more on his shoulders than a regular one, he should have a good pair to bear the burden, and a clear head to back them up.

This, unfortunately, is not always the case with us, but the most glaring and ruining fault is in many instances practiced, that of appointing inferior men to these posts.

In some cases, officers are elected by the men, and like the American system of electing judges, it "won't do," and the result is the same. Most injurious to the service, for ten chances to one, the men will put in one of their cronies rather than vote for a person who is likely to be a little severe with them.



The idea is foolish and wrong, and anybody who knows anything about it will easily imagine how impossible it would be to preserve any discipline whatever.

I was once walking with an officer, whose battery was then going through its annual drill, and on the way we met one of his gay young gunners, driving along in a country cart in uniform, but alas! with a big straw hat on and holding aloft a woman's parasol; it was a hot day, and as we passed, this volatile young soldier called out to my companion, "I say, Captain, you'll get freckled if you wear that pancake on your head a day like this." My friend, the Captain, laughed and thought it a good joke, although this occurred in the street. I asked him why he did not punish the man in some way, for he had given orders that none other than the forage caps should be worn; well, he said, "how can I, he is a sort of cousin of mine, lives a little way below me, and if I put on *any frills* the boys don't like it, and some of them would burn my barns if I tried too much officering."

Now, here is the folly of having a man of the same social rank and station as the men under him, for the young country youth cannot see why his next door neighbour should order him about as he likes, for the short space of eight days, simply because he wears an officer's uniform.

A private soldier must look up to his officers and think them superior to himself in every way, but this can never be accomplished when Tom Jones, Captain, and John Smith, Private, work in the same shop together day after day.

Look around among our Batteries and Battalions, seek for the most efficient, and then look at the officers, it will be seen that the best corps have good men to command them, and the bad ones the reverse.



Therefore, to improve our force, trim the candle properly and improve the officers—put commissions out of the reach of every man, make it a thing hard to get and worth getting, and then it will rise in value, and consequently better men will aspire to it. Like every thing else, put it within the reach of all, and it gets common at once. Place a price on it, and only those worthy of the honor will aspire to it.

One way of putting value on the commissions is to require attendance at the schools of instruction (this can only be done with the Artillery, unfortunately) and at these schools of Gunnery make every officer pass his examination, and those who fail to pass, or to attend for the purpose, should be removed for those who can, no matter how old or high the rank may be; if he is a Major or a Colonel so much the more reason he should qualify or leave.

As it is, many of these officers under cover of their old age and long service, remain in command, and would shoot any one barefaced enough to ask them what their qualifications were.

There are Artillery corps in the country who have most excellent, upright, and exemplary men as commanding officers, but, "O, what fearful Artillerymen!"

How frequently one hears it said of some Battery or Regiment, "O, it will never be worth a rap as long as old Colonel or Major Geegee has command." Every one knows he is ignorant of his duties, but no effort is made for the better, and he is quietly left to die off, which he never will do.

How many Artillery and Infantry officers are there in Canada now steadily climbing up the ladder of rank, with



tracing lace intertwining itself gradually around their persons, like ivy around the ruined wall, who know little or nothing about their work.

I once heard an officer remark that "he was tired of this Artillery, and thought of going into the Infantry," complaining that he saw nothing in this branch of the service but "run up" and "run back." Like some of our smooth bores, this ardent son of Mars should go to General Palliser, and be converted, or at least have his muzzle stopped in some way.

It is all very well during an annual drill, and, I dare say, very amusing to observe the idiotic mistakes made by poor old Captain Falsetto, as he twists himself and his battery or company into all sorts of outlandish shapes and forms. But on the field of battle, when, perhaps the fate of the country depends on his actions, it becomes anything but a laughable matter.

We have our Schools of Gunnery, where Artillery is taught in all its branches, and there should not be an officer or non-commissioned officer in the force who has not attended them.

If this plan was adopted, a great change for the better would be sure to be the result.

In many cases we also see through the country, as Sergeant-Majors and Sergeants, old fossils who have been in the batteries for years, who know how to hook drag-ropes, and call the roll, and that is about all. It is hard to turn out a man like this after all his service, but it must be done for the country's good. It should be in this case the reverse of the old song, and read "Uncle make room for your Tommy," the said Tommy being a fine strapping fellow with lots of dash about him and a fresh certificate from the School of Gunnery.





At these institutions, a man is not only taught his Gunn drill but he learns what is of more importance, "how to be a soldier"; he there sees the use and effect of the mighty arm of discipline which must always go hand in hand with perfection at drill and is just what a country boy wants, or any of our young Canadians overflowing with the flavor imbibed from over the border of doing as he "d—pleases." Sir Garnet Wolseley says: "in action the drill of the worst Militia Regiment in the world will do, provided the discipline is good."

The schools for Infantry instruction at certain seasons are of course better than nothing, but they are certainly not worth the money expended on them, partly because they teach only drill. For Cadets, going as they would to a village school in the morning and returning to their homes at night, may be proficient at mere drill, but are far away from the greatest lessons a soldier has to learn. And also because it is open to any body who may like to enter, and the consequence is many go simply for the \$50, who are of no use to the Militia afterwards, whereas, if they had to turn into Barracks and go through some of the less pleasant duties, they would think twice about it. Many, I know, will bear me out in the fact, that some time ago, and I think yet, old men and perfectly useless individuals joined simply for the reasons mentioned above.

To return to our Artillery, it is utterly impossible to expect any state of proficiency from the batteries unless we have officers who understand their work, for on them depends so much.

If they wont take the trouble to learn, the men never will, and so it goes on a miserable farce, and a Military Burlesque, made doubly so in the case of Artillery.

Officers should be made to qualify before their appointment and not afterwards. When we had no schools this provision-



al business was necessary, but now it is no longer the case; when a young man goes Military mad and wants a commission point him to the starting point, a "Certificate"; here he will have time to cool off and learn what his work will be, and, if he has it in him, he will come out a good Officer, and if not, he will give it up. It is the worst thing in the world to let him rush into a new uniform all at once and do nothing. And then, if he turns out a noodle, there is no getting rid of him and perhaps he sticks on to become, in future years, one of these old "duffers" we have just mentioned some time ago. If this system was adopted of cooling them off as cadets first, we would not see in every General Order long lists of Officers returning and others going in, to give it up again in turn after the gloss wears off.

We must have instructions if we want Artillery Officers. Of course without it we can have officers in unlimited numbers; but what a helpless, useless creature is an incompetent commanding officer in charge of a battery of four guns, with raw officers, raw non-commissioned officers, and men and horses ditto.

A tinker, a tailor, why even a scissor-grinder requires to study and go through a good deal of *grinding* to perfect himself in his work, before he can ply his trade properly; if such callings as these require instruction, can it be imagined for a moment that by simply putting on a uniform the noblest profession on the earth is to be mastered.

Establishing schools of gunnery and then not forcing officers to qualify, but allowing them to hold positions they cannot fill with justice to the country, seems but half fulfilling the intention of improving our force and stops short where the great good commences.

In a few hundred years hence we may imagine how a Canadian Lieutenant-Colonel or Staff Officer will be des-



cribed in some of the school books, or scientific records of our time; they will give a long account of his habits, dress, &c., and will probably wind up by stating his most prominent peculiarity, his great age, which like the elephant's, a four legged beast of that period, was astonishing.

Now, if age is required in the service of any country, it is only for the sake of the experience it has had and the model it affords to the juniors. Now, are any of the "old folks at Home" or our aged Colonels bursting over with military experience useful in fighting time? I am sorry to say no! DeSalaberry is dead and the last munificent pension to the veterans of 1812 proved too much for these doughty old warriors, and so we are left alone. If those we have had any real experience to impart to us youngsters, why then keep them by all means. But, if in any future scrimmage we are to go into it as novices and schoolboys, let us by all means leave the old gentlemen at home, for the young will learn quicker than they. For 'tis certain that any warlike operations on this continent will not be child's play, so therefore the strongest and hardest muscle and the clearest heads are required.

If this principle be not observed, we had better send to the Royal Military College the old boys, instead of the young ones.

I once had the honor of serving with a force proceeding on an expedition to a distant part of Canada some years ago. The officers in command were the finest old gentlemen one would wish to see, all at the head of their profession, that is, they were time-worn Lt.-Colonels, and, as Dundreary says: "Everything was made nice and comfortable in that way." They were possessed of the most pleasing manners, enjoyed good cigars and hot toddy, but, after that, I fear they had little more in a military way to recommend them. But what abilities the old gentlemen



did have in this respect was taken up, to the exclusion of all others, in devising ways and means to repel the never-ceasing attacks of the native mosquitos.

I shall never forget our leader or "driver," (for he was always behind) ; he had a head as bald as an egg, but covered by a well kept wig. when, to the utter dismay of the whole expedition, a small party of Indian dogs at "Fort Somewhere" one night made a reconnaissance in force, and quietly picked the gorgeous covering from off the pate of the venerable owner.

This reverse at so early a stage of our march, was never repaired, for our gallant old Commander, being thus deprived of *cover*, was forced to protect himself in the open with an old canvas nosebag, which he wore for the rest of the journey, surmounted by a silver-laced staff cap ; for the old chap was most particular with regard to dress.

Some months after, I happened to re-visit the scene of this disaster to our arms (or heads, I should say) and was surprised and shocked to see a young braggart of an Indian exhibiting to some open-mouthed emigrants, a ghastly scalp lock ; on drawing near, imagine my horror and dismay at recognizing (by the name of the maker in the corner) a portion of a *regulation staff wig*. I whispered in the ears of the noble young savage "too thin," which he did not of course, understand, but, went on relating, in the minutest manner, how he "tore the reeking trophy from the quivering victim." I did not expose the warlike chieftain, but grimly thought what happiness and bloody triumph was in store for the Crow and Blackfeet, in the shape of such trophies, if many of my dear old friend's stamp were sent against them. There would, however, be one advantage about my revered old Colonel, if ever they tried scalping in earnest. *The Crow would find hard picking*





there, and if he indulged in hair-oil, 'tis a question whether the *game* would be worth the *candle*.

But no one can say that the old men are less enthusiastic for many of them are as hard-working and red hot as the young. At one of our late great reviews, I was sent to the District Staff Office for orders, but found no staff there, the Deputy Adjutant-General and Brigade Major were, I was told, out of town, making some arrangements on the review ground for the marching past, sham fight, &c., I went thither, and was surprised to see the two old soldiers down in a hole digging away like sappers and miners with a pick and shovel. I was thunderstruck, for I saw at once that it was "*infra dig*," I thought of Capt. Kidd at first, then I thought of the sham fight; perhaps some skirmisher had fallen there, and was being interred with *military honors*, so saluting, I remarked in the lines of somebody:—

For whom diggest thou that grave, I said  
To the D. A. G. from town.

The answer was:—

I am not digging a grave, he said  
But putting a flag-staff down.

And true enough, as the Government of Canada would refuse to pay for it, these two old heroes were getting up a temporary erection on the approach to a grand stand, on which was to fly the Royal Standard in honor of the Princess. So here, at least, was enthusiasm, and digging which the best Sapper might envy.

Another fruitful cause of ruin to our Militia, is the great want of proper encouragement given by the Government to many energetic officers, and the trials and uphill work of many of these gentlemen, are unfortunately known only to themselves, and every request for any necessary is met with the word, no !; so the whole force suffers consequently.



How often we see the case of a fine battery being raised, a lot of drill and inspection, and no end of interest displayed, which gradually dies away. Officers get tired of it, men neglect their work, so it dwindles away to nothing.

This, of course, is hard to prevent, for naturally men weary of the nightly drills, outsiders get tired of watching them, and so the spirit of the thing dies out.

A great deal could, however, be done to prevent all this, simply by encouraging the force in many small ways which are now sadly neglected, causing all sorts of "make shifts" injurious to the service, and hard on the officers' pockets.

In Sir Garnet Wolseley's hand book, is a hint that applies to us, and is the secret of all fine armies. He says: "Make a man proud of himself and his corps and he can always be depended upon."

This should be our great aim and object, we pay them nothing except in their eight days' drill; therefore, their pay for the remainder of the year should be *encouragement*; it is very easily bestowed and all can afford to give it.

Pride should be the thing to keep up the Militia, not the pay; the man who serves for that should never be enlisted, because the paltry sum he makes in his eight days, is not sufficient to get anything with, except drink.

The men we want are those who serve for the pure love of the thing.

In raising corps, only good men should be enlisted, and the flagrant mistake of taking anyone to fill up the ranks, be forever done away with. I have heard of an officer who put his spare tunics on the backs of the men of a travelling Circus, for the sake of an inspection. Several cases



of loafers having gone the rounds and drilled in different regiments in succession, drawing, of course, pay in each, are on record.

Men of that stamp will spoil any corps. Take a man, for instance, who is really proud of his regiment and himself, say he always takes a pride in being neat and soldier-like in all his habits, brags about his battery or company being the best, and so on. Now, how quickly you drive this good man out if you enlist a few loafers and bad characters; just a few will drive a whole batch of good men away in disgust, for in the person of a drunken, slovenly, untidy comrade is their corps disgraced.

You can't expect them to go into camp, roll up in the same blanket with and make chums of those they despise, and would not notice in every day life.

But still it is done every year, so many thinking that full ranks on inspection day will make up for everything.

This brings us to the subject of dress, which has so much to do with the shady side of the story.

The late issue of clothing has been abused by everybody from General Smyth downward; he has stated in his report that the material is bad, the fit fearful, and the general appearance shocking.

If our rulers had set systematically about wiping the militia of the face of the earth, no more effectual mode could be adopted than serving them out with badly fitting and a poor quality of clothing. No truly good soldier will attend his drills in garments, that make him the laughing stock of all the little urchins, and cause him to take the back streets on his way to the drill sheds. For bad fit, bad cloth, bad cut, and bad sewing, I will back the Canadian Military clothing against anything in the world.



It is a beautiful sight to see a man in one of the serges which happen to be made of different kinds of cloth ; one never sees it till after the sun gets at it for a time, and then one-half of the back retains its color, while the other takes a light blue tinge, one arm goes off into a fit of blues of another type, while the other becomes a light green, therefore "never say *dye*" is the motto of our men. And the men who do *dye* for the country should make it a more permanent operation.

Put a battery of Her Majesty's Royal Horse Artillery into Canadian blouses and imagine the effect.

The words of Sir Garnet Wolseley on this subject should be written in letters of gold, they are these: "The better you dress a soldier, the more highly he will be thought of by women, and consequently by himself."

I hardly think this could have been the idea of the inventors of the latest Artillery and Infantry clothing for the Dominion of Canada ; they say "the tailor makes the man," but he did not in this case, I hope.

If a young Canadian soldier wished to make himself look particularly well in the eyes of his sweetheart Mary, he would never, "hardly ever", appear before her in a suit of his newly issued serge.

Only those who have seen this marvellous dress, studied its peculiar cut, and followed with an artistic eye the slopes and curves it gives the human form, can appreciate the good sense of the bashful recruit who puts in a pass to wear plain clothes on his mission of love.

For certainly the comely Canadian lass would turn up her pretty nose at those never to be obliterated wrinkles in the tunic and the sag of those tremendous pants.





These same bags are particularly unsuited for the men at annual drills, for during that period the recruits and awkward men are rendered doubly stupid by the unfortunate shape of these articles, cut so alike before and behind, that it is impossible for them to tell whether they are marching to the front or rear, hence causing much confusion in the simplest movements.

In *Punch* an irate Colonel is portrayed, ordering a slovenly young man to "slap his leg and look at the girls in the windows." If one of our fellows tried this it would be so like beating carpets at house cleaning time, that he would be forced to give it up and the girls too.

We should be clothed well, with good material and good fit, and the extra expense will be fully repaid by the pride and interest taken in the service and the trousers.

Most people think that anything will do to put on our Militia, provided it costs nothing and is *made roomy*. Complaints are made that the men won't look after their own clothes; well they could never be expected to look after this missing link kind of tailoring that is put in their keeping now. By dressing them decently, the men will be encouraged to look well, and when once they get proud of their corps and proud of themselves, the great object will be attained. And, above all, if we wish to improve the state of the Canadian Militia, we must banish forever the influence of politics, which is at present a drag-shoe impeding the working of the whole machine.

In this very case of clothing, I once knew of a quantity being made, examined by a board, and rejected as being unfit for use and not according to contract, but the man who made them goes to his local member, who goes to somebody else, and as it is only for the Militia, "why let it go, better do that than lose Mr. so and so's vote," so the



clothing was taken and some of our gallant volunteers are probably wearing it now. I once saw an armory containing about 40 stand of arms, damaged to a great extent by rust and breakage, ball bags, pouches, &c., spoiled or lost. all through the neglect of the Captain of the Company, it was a disgraceful sight. The arms were repaired at a cost of \$300.00, which it was intended he should pay, but, like the political tailor, he got the proceedings stopped against him and was reinstated in the Militia through that influential gentleman, the member of the county. Some people may read this with surprise, but those who know the ropes, will say it is but a very mild case; but, no matter what they call it, it is disgraceful for any country and poisons the service, and disgusts every man who has any soldierlike feeling about him.

If some great genius would only arise in this bleeding country, take charge of affairs, and say: "Let your politics have full fling in everything else, but the militia must be free from it in every particular." When we import our Major-General, let him have the management of his work. At present our grey-haired Commander-in-Chief is likely at any moment to have his orders and advice put aside for the command of some political bantam *inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination.* (Original.)

Another fruitful source of disgust and discouragement to us is the constant inclination to appoint Imperial Officers to fat appointments, for the halo of glory around the head of an imported Englishman can never shine over ours.

If *all* that have got well-feathered nests in the wilds of Canada, were men whose experience warranted their appointment over our heads, why all right. *Some have*, but others have not; therefore, let us "change rounds" and tell off again in this respect, and have no more of it, now that



the Royal Military College and other means are open to us wooden headed people to acquire knowledge in the art of war.

For, on the principle of the flagstaff on the King's Bastion, Quebec, which was carefully made at home and transported across the Atlantic, it has been found that we can *grow them here* at much less expense, and even mould them into the required shape, to bear the Union Jack as bravely as the seasoned stem from old England.

No, our cry to the old land is, "send us not quite so many men and a few more guns, rifles and ammunition in any quantity you please, and trust us, that we will find out how to use them, and in the hands of Canadians; the iron shell will fly with the same unerring speed that the wooden one has so often done under the management of the *skull* of our tight little countryman, Edward Hanlan." So like the historical burglar, I hope some Imperial brother in arms will acknowledge that there is "something in that" and own at least there is some merit in a *flat skull*.

One great reason that people imagine at home we are in such an utterly helpless state, with regard to leaders, is the loose and careless way our vast and unlimited supply of Colonels and Majors and Captains are allowed to wander unhindered and unchecked over the face of the earth, where they naturally do not impress the multitudes they meet with the feeling that we are in the hands of competent men, and also the surmise must arise in the mind of any foreigner, while viewing some of our migratory Colonels, "what the d——must the subalterns be like?"

Like everything else cheap and nasty, it wont go down; we know, everybody else knows, what a fine old mill this is for turning out this particular type of military man, and yet the wheels go round and every day more are being



made, and unless they turn to and devour each other we will be overrun. We have made it too common and cheap, and consequently its tone is gone.

If Ostrich feathers and seal skins come within the reach of every housemaid, the desire to appear in these gorgeous raiments will be much diminished in those who would best become them.

The Lord knows there are enough of these bad coppers who coin themselves.

For no profession in the world is so open to piratical attacks as that of the military; the doctors suffer too, but generally there is some legal way of getting at the counterfeiter. But, with us, any body, from the latest born pigmy up to the biggest manager of a street railway company, all put on the handle, and now it is indispensable that the word "Kernel" should be hitched on in the case of railway managers, lawyers, &c., &c., and it is safe to state that "every two fellows out of three" are Colonels, and the third fellow, well the third fellow must be a Major or Captain. Therefore, as it is obvious, we have no control over this unofficial honor, our only hope is to stop it where we can, and when they are turned out, let them be well tried and tested, similar to other newly made articles, and, like the faulty coin, let those that are found light, be warmed up again or rejected.

We should certainly be thankful, the word General is still untarnished, but if ever a case shews itself, instant quarantine and "Boycotting" should be quickly resorted to. Across the border, the disease is raging with terrific force, and, strange to say, those who have come among us afflicted with this fearful scourge have not imparted it to any of our people.





It is a great pity we have all these defects and blemishes, and, for the sake of our reputation, they must be wiped out. A little pushing here, pulling there, and snubbing somewhere else will make it all right. We have the head, bone and muscle in the country for anything, and it only wants proper managing. The Dominion itself is large, but the population of course is small in proportion, and so is our militia. But as Tom Thumb said when kicked behind by a big boy, "look out, I'm a little man, but by——."

Though small in ourselves, we are part of the British Empire, and always will be, although the Yankees say, either politically or by force, we must go over to them. But fortunately when the American rebels drove the U. E. Loyalists into the then frozen fields of Canada, they allowed them to carry an undying antipathy for the American Eagle, which their sons to this day have not forgotten. A descendant of a U. E. L. family in New Brunswick has now an oil painting of one of his ancestors. But the old gentleman's face is marred by having a three-cornered bayonet hole through the cheek inflicted by a rebel in 1775, who thus showed his bravery, and hatred of the venerable Britisher by driving his weapon through the canvas. This was about the only thing the gallant loyalist carried to his new home, and there it hangs now with the gaping wound just as it was made. A mere prod of a rebel bayonet, and it was done. But all the darning, stitching and gumming in the world will never give the old man the *cheek he once had*; and that all patching of the old rents of the revolutionary bayonet may be as fruitless, is the prayer of the U. E. Loyalists of Canada. We have not all got pictures of our forefathers so indelibly stamped with honorable wounds upon the cheek. But in one other family a "forget me not" was preserved, in the shape of a certain garment for the extremities, which had a bayonet hole too in the vicinity of the *cheek*; but the fact of the trousers not being a Sunday



pair, and the hole so unfortunately situated, it was never looked upon with any great pride by the descendants, who always thought with regret, if Great Great Grand Pa had *only* retired with his face to the foe. But since then, an inventive young member of the family pulled the old *pants* out of the garret, cut out the wound and neatly patched it into a most respectable waistcoat just over the heart. This may look well and sound well, and all that, but it hardly tallies with the fact of the old loyalist having sired a large family after his sad end.

Let every U. E. Loyalist descendant, at least, strive by every means in his power, to make us ready and prepared to resist any attempt to drive us out, now that we have made Canada what it is, for remember that we can go no further north.

As a segment of the British Empire, we are, of course, part of the British Lion, and though the part we represent may be situated near the tail, it is just that particularly sensitive portion of the noble beast on which intruders are cautioned not to tread.

"We don't want to fight, but, by jingo! if we do," we ought to have our little army as perfect as possible, to make up for its deficiency in numbers.



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